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A PORTRAIT.

BY HARRY MARLBOROUGH.

Oh face most fair in beauty's mould,
And fresh as opening flowers,
I prize thy charms above all gold,
And here, in shaded bowers,
I pore above thy features rare,
And wonder, with a sigh,
If thou wert true as thou art fair!
Ah, who can give reply?

Did friends surround thee with their smiles?
Did fortune lend her ray?
Did home affection give thee smiles,
The unsuspicious way?
Did love at last break o'er thy heart,
Like morning o'er the sea?
Did all thy beauties blush to start
One face and form to see?

Didst live till genial, smiling age
Had silvered o'er thy hair?
Did joys bloom most upon life's page,
Or grief and dark despair?
Oh, face so fair in beauty's mould,
I love thee as thou art!
To me thy charms can never grow old,
And we shall never part!

A REJECTED ROSEBUD.

A WOMAN WHOM DEJECTION DID NOT KILL.

The dearest little rosebud of a girl, with cheeks where a pink flush came and went, and blue eyes, with long, golden-brown lashes, and hair that waved without the aid of pins or iron. I always thought her name was the most suitable that could have been chosen for her, though the only one who is that of Father Bud did not name his only daughter Deborah, or Rebecca, or Sarah Jane.

Deborah had unfortunately been her father's grandmother's name, however, and so came a Rosebud into the world; for Mrs. Bud had made the Anna a middle name instead of part of the first, and dropped it.

When I began to like Rosebud so much that I seriously thought of proposing to her, Hiram, Rosebud's brother, was five years older than I; a plain, raw-boned, but spry fellow, with a face and a light spot on the middle of his head. A poor man, struggling in life, because he had not been able to study in his youth, only hoping for his diploma in a year, with the promise all in the future; and I, at twenty-four, had the money and estate for my own, and I money enough to live on comfortably. There could be no comparison drawn between us, I fondly hoped, that would not be favorable to me; and I could, though polite, look my place before him, and cut him out on all occasions with Rosebud. I was rich, young and handsome, as I supposed, elegantly dressed; he plain, poor and shabby, looking ten years older than he really was, what chance had he against me?

A day he slipped quietly into the back garden, and I made love to Rosebud, and one day kissed her on the cheek, and told her life would not be worth having to me if I could not win her; and she said nothing, but out-lashed all the roses, and let me kiss her again. After that we walked through the village, and friends to me and I, the other beaux dropped away, and one day I gave her a ring to wear on her left hand for ever.

Two weeks from that day I went to London on business. I intended to stay a week, but I was so successful that I remained longer; finally I went into business in the city and began to know people. I visited at the houses of wealthy merchants, and met their wives and daughters, and by degrees began to understand that, though my Rosebud was very fair and sweet, she was not a lot-house flower. In other words, her dress was not that of an admirable belle; her manners were homely; her education poor. She was very good—excessively good, but not an elegant lady. Then, too, she sent me notes in big buff envelopes, and used little "oh"s for the personal pronoun.

And Father Bud, with his smooth coat and wonderful hair, and long straggling beard, and hair, was not the sort of father-in-law that I should admire; and I then saw Miss Hammer. Perhaps that fact was the most powerful one in the working of my subconscious mind; for Mrs. Hammer was beautiful, a millionaire, and I Papa Hammer was called Prince Hammer by his friends, and had his dinner table set for fifty every day, and wore a fortune in diamonds on his bosom, and on his friends' wives, and he would, of course, give me. No woman ever forgets or ceases to love any man she has ever loved you know. Yes, after a little public resistance, Rosebud would bloom for me again. I was sure of this as the train came on, as I was that the moon would

those country gentlemen of whom we are trying to make city men.

And Violet had smiled radiantly upon me. Since then how many times had I not had with her—how many rides? I was learning to dance with her, and I had forgotten to write to Rosebud for two weeks. Then came an anxious little note on thin blue paper, beginning thus:

"Dear Henry, I take my pen in hand much troubled in my mind regarding you. I know if you are sick do not write, and let father come up and see you. Henry I will not write any more until I hear from you—I am too troubled in my mind. We are all well and in hopes that you will enjoy the same blessings I remain Yours truly,
Rosebud."

P. S.—Do let me know if you are sick. I am so troubled in my mind.

I hastened to reply, the awful dread of Mr. Bud's fatherly care hanging over me, so to speak, by a single hair. I wrote to Rosebud, but how? I shall not copy that cowardly letter here. When it was in the box I did try to fish it out again, but it was too late. It had gone, and its termination, "Thanks Miss Bud, for your friendly anxiety concerning my health; I am sure Mr. Bud does not share it," was perhaps the worst of all the lines by which I told her, not in frank, honest words, but in a manner that no woman could fail to understand, that I did not choose to remember that we were betrothed.

After that no more letters in yellow envelopes came to trouble me, and I paid attention to Miss Hammer, and invested my money according to Hammer's advice. And days and weeks and months rolled by, and if a thought of my little Rosebud faded, because the light of my love was withdrawn from it, crossed my mind, I drove it away with a sigh. I could not help it, I said; it was fate. Fate meant me for Miss Hammer, for Violet, and we had not—that was all. No not quite all; one day I remembered it was the day after a splendid ball, and I called on Violet, whose escort I had been the night before—one day I made this latter statement to Violet Hammer, and she, having heard it, bestowed on me her most aristocratic stare, and asked me if I did not know that she had been engaged to Mr. Rosendrum for six long months.

"And shall be married next week, Mr. Markham," added she. "So you see you must be mistaken about fate."

"And you have only been flirting with me?" I said bitterly. "Do you know that you gave me every reason to hope everything from you?"

"I know it is time for me to dress for a drive," she said. "So you must say good afternoon; and don't look so ridiculously tragic, Mr. Markham. I hate scenes."

And I felt that I deserved it all, as I went for the last time down the steps of the Hammer mansion.

In a fortnight Violet was Mrs. Twenty-plum. In a month Mr. Hammer was a bankrupt—one of those who take a foreign trip with plenty of money in their pockets, while others lie cradled beneath their evil deeds at home.

My money went with his. I had come to London with a moderate competence. I had increased it by speculation until I was absolutely wealthy. Now I found myself suddenly almost poor.

There remained to me only the Mosswood property, which must be turned into a farm, and I myself must leave my hope of becoming one of the city millionaires behind me, and become a plain farmer—a man of the same social status as Rosebud's father, without his comfortable knowledge of money in the bank to help me.

However, with the bursting of the bubble fortune, the circle which gathered around Hammer had been seemingly scattered to the winds, and I people knew that Miss Violet had fitted me and also that my money was gone. The city had lost many of its charms, and I wrote to the old woman who had kept the house at Mosswood for my father until his death, to make it ready for my return. Then selling the furniture of my bachelor rooms, and packing my smaller belongings in a few trunks, I started homeward.

I must go back to Mosswood and become a farmer. I should find Rosebud fading gradually away, of course, and yet I knew she would be prettier than ever. How she had loved me—how grateful I had been for that love. Now I would make amends. I would write as many repentant letters as were necessary, and she would, of course, forgive me. No woman ever forgets or ceases to love any man she has ever loved you know. Yes, after a little public resistance, Rosebud would bloom for me again. I was sure of this as the train came on, as I was that the moon would

There is no sadder more true than the one that declares that misfortunes never come alone, but always in troops. Often, of course, one brings the other. In my case, the anxiety that had trooped so thickly about me made me nervous, and so led to a severe accident.

Having alighted at the station, I delayed my return to the carriage until they had started. I remember running after them, and then—what do I remember then? Darkness, dreams, pain, an awakening in a little room, with white curtains, and a toilet table, and a vision charmingly dressed. Then some one saying slowly:

"Yes, yes, yes; I think he'll do."

And understanding this was my old friend, Hiram Roper, I asked:

"How did I come here?" trying to sit up, and failing in the attempt.

"Well," said Hiram, "wife and I were at the station, and I saw you were a good deal hurt, and we brought you on. You know this is my house."

"Yours?" said I. "And you are married, and in good practice, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Roper. "Oh, yes; getting on famously. And you've had a bad time, but you'll be all right soon. Come and tell him he'll do, Rosebud!"

And there—yes, there was Rose. After I had ruminated on the fact a few minutes, I felt that truth was stranger than fiction.

"Are you better, Mr. Markham?" said Rosebud, bending towards me.

Here was a poetical story, being worked out in our proper persons. A wounded and repentant hero, I had been sent back to Rosebud, to be nursed and forgiven. Had she not forgiven me she never would have done to my aid. All that I could do just then was to squeeze her hand.

She took it away rather quickly; but that was very natural; I had not seen her for three years. She did not know of my contrition. But she had not pined or aged; she was, on the contrary, stouter and rosier than ever.

Just then, Dr. Roper being present, I said nothing, but afterwards, as the evening shadows fell, she brought my tea and toast; and then I took her hand, and said:

"Dear Rosebud, how good of you."

And she answered:

"O, dear, don't mention it."

"You are an angel of forgiveness," I said; and I—O, I have always loved you, Rosebud. The true, a siren laid her spells upon me, but the hallucination once over

"I shall think you are wandering again," said she. "If you do not stop talking, do take your tea."

"No," said I, "no, not a mouthful, Rosebud, until you will assure me that you will forget the past, and once more give me the love."

"Mr. Markham!" cried she.

"Call me Henry," said I. "Rose, if you had hated me, would you be here so kindly ministering to my wants?"

"Here?" said she. "Where should I be but in my own house? I'm sure I have nothing to forgive you, either. Since you allude to our flirtation of three years ago, and since you will talk of it, I will tell you once for all, that I don't think you should have been happy together. And I always liked Hiram the best, only he was so shy. And my goodness, we were married as soon as he got his diploma."

"Married," cried I.

"Why, yes," said Rosebud. "How else should I be here? You know this is Dr. Roper's house—? Didn't you know that I was his wife before? Dear old fellow, he is the best husband woman ever had, I'm sure, and Mr. Markham, I know that I never really loved you."

I don't know whether that was true or not, but it did not matter. She did not love me then, and does not now; and I had lost her.

I live alone at Mosswood now, an old bachelor, with a limp and the dyspepsia, and she and a loquet of little blossoms flourish over the way at Dr. Roper's.

Some time, perhaps, I may marry. Miss Flint would have me, and so would the Widow Higgins; but whatever I may wish to wear over my heart it will not be a rosebud. I threw that away long ago, and Roper picked it up, and it makes his life fragrant.

"Wherever you find many men you will find many minds," exclaimed a public peake.

"Taint so, by jingo," responded one of the auditors; "if you'd only ask this whole rowl out to take a drink, you'd find 'em all of one mind."

The lecturer "ceased" without trying the experiment.

A man being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the grass, what was the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a bad cough."

A Rich Man on Riches.

The following story says the *Wayside*, is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars.

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, you are to be envied more than any man I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause why I should be particularly envied."

"What air!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment; "why, are you not a millionaire? Think of the thousands your income brings you every month!"

"Well, what is that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway. "All I get out of it is my victuals, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance or wear more than one suit at the same time. Pray, can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses and the rental they bring you."

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for others to live in. They are the beneficiaries, not I.

But you can buy costly furniture and costly pictures; and fine carriages and horses; in fact, anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them, respond Mr. Ridgeway, what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures—and the poorest man can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, with the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen, and hostlers; and, as to anything I desire, I tell you young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we will be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more life, and cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain; it cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death, and what will it avail me when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it for ever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

A Promising Pupil.—Some years ago a benevolent lady of this city took a little negro girl into her family, intending to give her a very moral and religious training. Unfortunately the child was given to lying and, though the mistress strove incessantly by precept and example to eradicate this vice, her efforts were far from successful. One day, returning home after some hours' absence, the lady was met at the door by her sable handmaid, who, with many tears informed her, that she had broken a very valuable china pitcher, an heir-loom in the family.

Here was light in the darkness at last, strict truthfulness in the face of reprimand or punishment, and the good mistress was delighted. Such an opportunity to reward and strengthen virtue must not be lost; so the lady magnanimously forgot her annoyance at the loss of her cherished pitcher (one of a pair), and, taking out a penny said, kindly, "Well, Jenny, since you have been such a good girl, and told the truth so quick, I shall not even scold you.—Here is penny for you."

Alas! the next morning the lady, on returning home from market, was met at the door again by her promising pupil, who delightedly exclaimed: "Oh, miss! I've broken the other pitcher. Won't you give me another penny?"

Further description of that good woman's state of mind would be superfluous. *Harper's Magazine.*

AN AMUSING BLUNDER.—Some years ago during a Democratic State Convention held at Syracuse, there occurred a large Sunday-school picnic, to which many of the delegates were invited, and which a few attended. Among those who accepted were John Van Buren and Gen. Nye. Mr. Van Buren was requested to make a little speech to the little people, and, though it was a little out of his line, cheerfully assented. In the course of his speech he sought to impress upon the juveniles that honesty was the best policy, and that politicians of all classes were quite too apt to sell and be sold. By way of illustration he added, "You remember how Abraham of old traded his birthright for a mess of pottage. General Nye, who sat directly behind him gave pull at his coat-tails, and said, 'Hold on, John, you have got the hair on the wrong man.'"

A man with a peculiarly mean and repulsive expression of countenance was brought into court in San Antonio, Texas, to be sentenced for stealing some clothes off a line. As he was known to be a slippery character, one of the handsomest and most vigilant deputy sheriffs took a seat by his side. After a while the prisoner leaned over and whispered to the officer, "Won't you do me one little kindness?" The officer promised, with a beaming smile to do so. The prisoner who spread: Then sit a little off; I'd rather pay a hundred dollars than have people take me for a deputy sheriff." The kindly smile disappeared very suddenly from the official's face.

A subscriber who signs his letter "Charles," writes as:—"Something within me tells me I have genius. At dawn, at midday, and at evening, I break forth in poetic song; my waking hours are music with the lute-tones of an unseen Orpheus, and in my sleep the Muses bend lovingly over my cot. How shall I develop and perfect this inspiration—this divine afflatus—his gift of the gods?" Come down to Hartford, Charles, and peddle clams.—*Hartford Post.*

He walked out of a Liberty street front door yesterday, followed by a washboard and two bars of Babbitt's soap; and as he straightened himself and walked firmly down the street, he remarked: "A man must draw the line somewhere or he can't be boss of the house; and I'll be hanged if I'll pump more than one barrel of water for no washing, and there ain't no woman can make me do it, unless she locks me in."—*Rome Sentinel.*

A lady gave recently the following opinion of a nice young man according to her own thinking: "Oh, I think he'd make an excellent stranger—one that you'd never become acquainted with, you know."

"That's what I call a finished sermon," remarked a man as he was coming out of church. "Yes, finished at last," replied his neighbor, though I began to think it never would be."

"Ah, Doctor, how is my wife to-day?" the doctor shook his head and said, "You just prepare for the worst." What? "I've named the husband, 'as a likely to recover?"

The Electric Light on a Transatlantic Steamer.

The French transatlantic steamer *Americ* is now provided with an electric light, in order to prevent her collision with other vessels. The lantern is placed on the bow at a height of 22 feet above the forecastle, or 42 feet above the water. The current is produced by a dynamo electric machine, working at the rate of 150 revolutions in one minute, and affording a light equal to 150 candle burners. An ingenious device places the control of the light in the hands of the officer of the watch, and by this he can extinguish the illumination or renew it at will without stopping the machine. Experience has recently proved that the most effective use of the light, as a means of warning, is to allow it to shine for ten seconds, and then extinguish it for the succeeding two minutes.

The *Portland Advertiser* thus refers to the United States Government policy with the Indians:

Telegraphic despatches bring the news that the Indians are nearly out of ammunition, and will not fight again until they obtain a supply from the stores. If it were possible for anybody to take on a subject so serious as the late Indian battle, it would seem as though this were grim humor. The spectacle of a government furnishing a means for an enemy to kill its best soldiers with, is a paradox so singular as almost to defy credulity. Yet it is said that at the late battle, the Indians actually had better guns than the soldiers. The United States, it is believed, is so far, the only nation in the world which feeds and supplies its soldiers with one hand, and fights them with the other. A previous instance of this policy was shown in the late civil war, when the government paid generous salaries to hundreds of men in its departmental offices who regularly every pay-day, sent the larger part of their salaries down South, to aid and comfort the rebels in arms, thereby adding years to the war, and thus adding to its victims.

Meanwhile an army officer writes thus: "The Indians are very strong in numbers and spirit, and are well armed, and they beat that they fear and will fight on until they are killed. The United States can send against them. Skilled and well equipped to be sent to Cheyenne, buy 12,000 rounds of ammunition, and return to the agency with it. The following day, a fresh party of Indians start out fully equipped. I think this will be a very long and very tiresome campaign."

A. Illustrative of the effect of just and kindly treatment of the Indian tribes, a notable event has occurred in the Dominion which may afford an example to the Government of the United States in its present trouble with the Indians. In the last session of the Dominion Parliament a measure was enacted which provided for the enfranchisement of the Indians, and for due compensation to them for their lands, etc. The Act was based upon a principle of humanity and justice, and as such it has had a gratifying effect upon the Indian tribes. At the Indian Council held a few days since at St. John, at which delegates from seventeen different bands in Ontario were present, resolutions were adopted accepting this Indian Bill and thanking the Government in the warmest terms for its adoption. This is a far more effective policy than one of oppression; and herein is the difference between the conduct of the Canadian and that of the United States Government. The former is just; the latter oppressive. And so in the one country the Indians are peaceful and contented; in the other they are turbulent and hostile.

Amateur Kaelin.

About a year ago, in the process of manufacturing a piece of iron in the vicinity of this city, we called attention to the fact that the kaelin had been introduced into this country, and all that was required was the enterprise necessary to develop them. The kaelin is a mineral of the shape of a diamond, and is found in the shape of a porous lump of 85 per cent, to act on our citizens to obtaining from our own resources the clay which is now imported from England, and, at the same time, the kaelin is the best of all in building up an American industry to supply us with the manufactured products which we now principally buy from France.

See the publication of the article referred to in our columns have informed us of the fact that the kaelin is a mineral of the shape of a diamond, and is found in the shape of a porous lump of 85 per cent, to act on our citizens to obtaining from our own resources the clay which is now imported from England, and, at the same time, the kaelin is the best of all in building up an American industry to supply us with the manufactured products which we now principally buy from France.

mix use of ocularly imperceptible iron in the waste results in the finished goods, being blotched with ineradicable spots, and of course in their ruin as first class marketable articles.

Whether the large deposits recently found in Illinois will turn out of sufficient purity for general use, we are not prepared to say. Mines of kaolin have been discovered over 100 miles of Union County, Illinois, and in adjoining localities, and in a town named Kaelin has there been a discovery. We are indebted to Mr. Morris J. Dobson, the owner of a large portion of the tract, for samples of the material, and for information relative to the mines. The kaolin is of a pure white, like white and pink quality, and appears sometimes naked to the eye, and sometimes in nodules 60 to 70 feet deep. Mr. Dobson states that there is every facility for the establishment of a pottery in the vicinity.

Scientific American.

Naval Term.—The United States naval appropriation bill, which became a law on July 1, reduced the rank and file of the navy to 7,500 men. To conform to this reduction, all enlistments and reenlistments have been stopped; and since the beginning of the month more than 1,000 men have been discharged.

The Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, JULY 26, 1876.

Excursions by Steamer and Rail.

On Tuesday morning at 6.30 the special train with several passenger cars left here for St. Stephen, with a large representation from St. Andrews to visit "Barnum's Great Show" at Calais, the day was as fine as could be desired. At half past 8 o'clock the Steamer "Belle Brown" arrived with a full freight of passengers from Eastport and vicinity, and the number was increased by many residents of this town, who preferred the sail up the river. The land fog was very thick, nevertheless Capt. Ryan steered the steamer through it, and after a short time we left the fog behind and came into a clear atmosphere. A more orderly or better conducted large excursion party never passed up the river. Many of the prominent gentlemen from Eastport were accompanied by members of their families; among them we noticed the popular Postmaster, CHARLES NORTON Esq., whose genial disposition contributed materially to the pleasure of the party.

After a pleasant passage, the tide being too low to reach the wharf at Calais, the excursionists were landed at St. Stephen, and being desirous to witness the procession, at once proceeded to Calais where the streets were thronged with immense crowds from the surrounding districts. The hotels were filled to repletion, but the major number found accommodation at the "St. Croix Exchange," whose popular and attentive landlord, W. H. Young, did all that could reasonably be expected to accommodate the numerous guests. The dinner tables were filled several times by hungry excursionists, but the supply of edibles was equal to the demand, and everyone expressed their satisfaction. At two o'clock the immense Circus pavilion was filled; it was computed that not less than 5,000 people were present to witness the performance, and view the menagerie and numerous curiosities. So much has already been published with reference to the "Great Show," that anything we could write would not add to its attractions.

At 6 o'clock the steamer left for St. Andrews, arrived about half past 7, where the St. Andrews passengers were landed, after an agreeable trip. Space forbids giving a fuller description to-day, but we will join with others in expressing satisfaction and pleasure at the day's amusement.

C. C. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Quarterly Meeting of the Charlotte County Agricultural Society was held last week at Mr. John Curry's, Bay Side. The Ploughing Match is to be held at Mr. Thos. Hill's, Waverley, on the 12th October, when the competitors will be regaled with a substantial dinner. The Cattle Show and Fair will be held on the Society's grounds on Friday 1st Oct. The Premium list of the Society was adopted with some alterations and alterations to the previous years' prize. Committees were appointed for the Ploughing Match and Fair. A new feature was the nomination of a Committee of ladies on domestic manufactures. Several important discussions were held in stock, cultivation of various roots, etc., and it occurred to us, that the formation of Farmer's League would be of special benefit, as an interchange of views on agricultural matters would more frequently take place than heretofore. Another suggestion, that the Annual Show and Fair should be held every alternate

year in the Parishes of St. Croix and St. Andrews.

We regret to learn, that Mrs. TILLEY, mother of his honor the Lieut. Governor, died on Monday last, at the residence of her son in law, T. B. Harrington, Esq., St. John. Mrs. Tilley was one of that fine old stock, which is fast disappearing from the Province.

ST. CROIX EXCHANGE.—We direct the attention of our townsmen and others to Mr. Young's card "St. Croix Exchange," in the present issue, and advise visitors to patronize the "Exchange," where they will find superior accommodation. The proprietor and his assistant spare no efforts to contribute to the comfort of his guests.

RAIN.—The welcome and refreshing rain on Sunday and Monday morning was of great service to the crops, which were suffering from the long drought. On light lands the grass was stunted, and several farmers have cut and housed their hay; the yield will be fully one-third less than last year. On low lands, the crop was not so much injured, and will be an average one. In this vicinity, the turnip fly has been so destructive, that farmers have been obliged to sow their crop three times.

PASSAGE ON GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.—Considerable discussion has taken place in the newspapers on the subject of passes having been granted to certain persons on the Government Railways, while it has been promulgated that no passes were issued. A correspondent of the *Telegraph* who appears to be so well informed, that he is prepared to give the names of gentlemen holding passes, contradicts the statement, and shows that there is an underground system of favoritism in the matter, and has the audacity to write over his own signature. If there are privileged persons, the people should know it. Mr. Duncan Campbell, the historian, does not hesitate to state that "gross partiality" exists in granting passes, and that professed stringency was a sham. His application for a pass, while collecting material for a history of New Brunswick, was proper enough, and the refusal to grant it was contemptible; but everyone understands why a high ecclesiastic received one—the Baalistic devotion is plain enough.

The President of the United States seems disposed to carry things with a high hand. At his request the Postmaster-General and Commissioner Pratt, of the Internal Revenue Department, have tendered their resignations, and rumor has it that other functionaries will be dismissed. There is no specific charge made against these gentlemen, and no intelligible reason assigned for their removal. The only assumption, therefore, is that there has been some secret antagonism between them and the President, and that he is now resolved upon having a class of Cabinet Ministers who will prove more subservient to his will. The policy of this proceeding is open to question. A large amount of odium is being thrown upon the President himself; and whether justly or not, the Republican party is made to share in the public reproach.

Reports of the herring fishing on the West Coast of Scotland continue to be very discouraging. As compared with the returns of last year the catches are insignificant. Only a few crews remain which are attracted by the high prices paid for the small number of fish caught. Boats are already taking up their stations for prosecuting the fishing on the East Coast; and unless they have better success there than on the West Coast much suffering and distress must result from this general failure in the herring fishing for this year.

The Little Big Horn disaster has apparently had the effect of inducing the U. S. House of Representatives to consider more favorably the position and claims of the army. It is distinctly foreseen that a protracted war is probable, and that both more men and more money will be required. In the war estimates proposed by General Belknap the sum mentioned for army expenses was \$33,348,708.50. His successor in office reduced this estimate by about \$4,000,000. The House of Representatives, however, bent upon a policy of economy, resolved to reduce the army by 3,000 men, and to cut down the expenses to \$24,000,000. This is one of the points on which the Senate and the House have been in violent collision, the Senate refusing its assent to the reduction proposed. A conference has been held between a committee of the House, and the result is an agreement which leaves the strength of the army untouched for the present, and which settles the appropriation at \$26,109,103.90. There is thus a mutual giving way, and still a saving will be effected on the original estimates of more than \$7,000,000.

Mr. James M. Glass, son of the Rev. C. G. Glass, formerly of Woodstock, has after a strict examination been admitted an Advocate, Barrister-at-Law, etc., for the Province of Quebec.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY is the title of a neatly printed and well filled sheet, issued from the *Telegraph* office, by Mr. Hugh Finlay its foreman. The paper is devoted to the interests of the craft—published monthly at \$1 per annum. Number One of this neat little

eight page paper reached this office on Friday last.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Amid the vast number of machines, manufactured articles, works of art, chemical and natural products on exhibition, I fear that a large number of meritorious works of skill devised and constructed by Scotsmen, and their immediate descendants, will be overlooked. It is difficult to find them out especially as some of them have not been assigned proper places. For example, I have been informed that a working model of the ingenious machine for making horseshoes, invented by the late Henry Barlow of Troy, N. Y., was there; but I looked in vain for it in Machinery Hall. Upon further inquiry, I learned it had been assigned by the Commissioners to Agricultural Hall. Its place there can only be accounted for by the supposition that some of the Commissioners had served a term in the Horse Marines.

Among the machines I had not previously noticed is one for cutting coal in mines, entered in the name of William Baird & Co., Gartsherrie, Scotland. Since it was entered, the last of the brothers—James Baird of Cambusdoon—has been gathered to his fathers. This famous family of Bairds were the most successful iron manufacturers in the world, but their success was not what some people call "mere luck." It was due in a great measure to improvements conducted and made by themselves, and for which they have not received full credit. To Scotsmen the honor is justly due of inventing some of the greatest improvements now in use everywhere in the manufacture of iron. Beaumont Nelson, of Glasgow, invented the "hot blast" for iron furnaces, whereby their capacity has been quadrupled; and the Messrs Baird improved upon Nelson's invention by raising the heat of the blast from 160 to 1,000 degrees, whereby the yield of the furnace has been proportionally increased. This is called the "Age of Iron," and Scotsmen have done much to make it so by the invention of the steam engine, the steam hammer, and the hot blast. The inventor of the fan blast for foundries was also a Scot—old James Carnichael—to whose memory the people of Dundee have, I learn from the last issue of the *Scottish American* Journal, recently erected a fine statue. It is a Centennial monument, as James Carnichael was born in Glasgow in 1776.

Turbine wheels seem to form a feature among Canadian exhibitors. Besides the one of Goldie & McCulloch, there is one by Wm. Kennedy & Sons, of Owen Sound, one by J. Harris & Co., of St. John, N. B., another by Barber & Harris, of Meaford, Ont., a hydraulic motor by J. A. McMartin, of Montreal, and a working model turbine by F. W. Tuck, of Berlin, Ont., convenient for small powers, such as sewing machines. They deserve attention, for turbine wheels are the cheapest and best motors in many places where coal is expensive and where there are falls of water. The city of Philadelphia is supplied by water pumped by turbine wheels located on the opposite side of the river from the Exhibition. They have superseded overshoot wheels. Many farmers having small streams and considerable falls on their farms, could use them with advantage. In the United States turbines are frequently made with bronze buckets; but there is no necessity of making them of other material than from.

In the oatmeal department our Canadian Caledonians loom up. The town of Bertha, in the county of Delaware, N. Y., was settled by Scotch, and large quantities of oatmeal were formerly made by them; but lately most of the oatmeal used in the United States is of Canadian manufacture. The British Government Commission instituted a few years ago to inquire into the condition of agricultural laborers reported that the Scotch farmers and their wives, and their farm servants, supplied abundantly with oatmeal porridge and sweet milk, were the strongest and best fed Britons in the United Kingdom. I recommend the extended and increased use of oatmeal, and personally can say a good word for that made in more than one place in Canada, where I have enjoyed it, both in porridge and bannocks. There are eleven exhibitors of Canadian oatmeal. James Wilson, of Fergus, has excellent samples; clean, white, and just the right granulation; not too fine, nor coarse, but the suitable sizes for boiling and baking. The samples of Thos. McKay & Co., Ottawa; Martin & Sons, Mount Forest; Hogg & Ford, Galt; Muirhead & Gray, London; Scott & Co., Highgate; and the Millers' Association, of Toronto, are also good. Canada is undoubtedly a great feeding country, but after the oatmeal it is best to rest a bit tock.—S. A. Journal.

The remains of ex-Mayor Bernard, of Montreal, were buried in Royal Mount Cemetery there, on Saturday the 15th inst., with full Masonic honors, and in presence of a large throng of citizens. The Grand Lodge of Quebec was well represented, and nearly thirty local lodges joined in the procession. The pall-bearers were Col. Stevenson, Messrs. J. W. Kerr, W. B. Simpson, A. W. Ogilvie, M. P. P., J. Seymour, and Dr. Dugdale. The Masonic services at the grave were conducted by Col. Stevenson, and were very impressive. The respect tendered to the memory of the deceased on the occasion proved the esteem in which he was held by the people.

Grain is ripening very fast in Ontario, and cutting will commence earlier than usual. Hay is being secured in fine condition.

Harper's Magazine for August.

Harper's Magazine for August contains the entire sixth book of George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda"; the second part of the anonymous serial story "A Woman-hater"; the third part of M. S. Craik's old-fashioned love story, "The Laurel Bush"; more of Julian Hawthorne's "Earth"; and three short stories.

The beautifully illustrated paper on Wellesley College, which opens the Number, is part of our Centennial Exposition, so far as women's education is concerned this institution being the first to adopt the same educational standard that has been adopted in colleges for young men, and being, in some aesthetic features, superior to the latter.

John W. Chabwick contributes a thrilling account of "The Battle of Long Island," which is effectively illustrated.

Mr. Holley's fourth paper on "Modern Dwelling" is devoted to furniture, and is profusely illustrated.

William L. Stone contributes an exceedingly interesting paper on "Saratoga Springs."

In the brief historical sketch, by Miss Susan F. Cooper, of Revere's Island, William L. Stone, there are recounted some of the most spirited incidents in our naval history.

All cultivated readers remember "Rah and his Friends," by John Brown, of Edinburgh. In this Number they will find an admirable portrait of the author, with some characteristic verses by James T. Fields.

William Gibson contributes a beautiful poem, "Hymn to Pity."

The *East Chair* discusses political meetings in presidential campaigns, takes us among the transcendentalists of Brook Farm, and gathers some hopeful indications from the Centennial retro-part of our political history. The other Editorial departments are as full and interesting as usual.

Disgraceful Riot in Saco.

The riot in Saco last week was more serious than was at first reported. The fight which took place at the depot in Saco was between a large excursion party from Lowell, consisting of eleven cars full of drunks on rowdies, and some roughs from Biddeford and Saco.

The Lowell roughs pitched into everybody, using knives and revolvers freely, and the few policemen at hand were powerless to quell the disturbance. Pistol shots were fired indiscriminately into the crowd, and shots were even aimed at houses near by. Several women fainted, and there was intense excitement.

The car windows were smashed in, and other damage done. Marshal Sands narrowly escaped being shot, and a Lowell policeman, who was drunk, and assaulted officer Myers of Saco, was knocked down by the latter with a staff.

It was the worst fight ever seen here, and the numbers of about the streets.

MARRIED.

At Cambridge, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. Canon Ketchum, M. Thomas Beckerton, to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. Andrew Boyd, all of this Parish.

DIED.

At Boston, St. Patrick, on the 23rd inst., Mr. Patrick M. Loughlin, aged 97, a native of Stabane, Ireland, and for the past fifty-six years a resident of this country.

On Thursday last, 20th inst., at his residence Parish of St. Patrick, Mr. James Orr, aged 53 years and 8 months, leaving a wife and relatives to mourn their loss. Mr. Orr was a native of this County, and expected by all who knew him. For several years he was a resident of California, from whence he returned four years ago, having realized a competence.

At St. John, on the 24th inst., Susan A. Tilley, widow of the late T. M. Tilley, Esq., aged 78 years.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

ARRIVED.

July 18, Odessa, Hooper, Boston, general cargo.

19, H. V. Crandall, Maloney, Portsmouth, ballast.

Emma Pemberton, Murchie, Boston, ballast.

Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, sundries.

22, Julia (Clinch, Maloney, New York, 227 tons hard coal.

24, Harrie, M'Quill, Boston, ballast.

DEPARTED.

July 19, N. I. Falton, Rochester, St. Stephen, ballast.

22, Odessa, Hooper, St. Stephen, ballast.

24, Esther, Maloney, Dorchester, ballast.

H. V. Crandall, Maloney, Windsor, ballast.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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